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BOUND
PERIODICAL
SECTION

1998

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Untitled

Dying at such a young age
still filled with too much emotion and rage
received from mom, instead of hugs and kisses
the disease that her, and of whom he misses

Two years old was all he was
his ravished body limiting what he does
Crying out loud for someone who is not there
longing for someone who doesn't seem to care

Growing older without a name
thinking life as just a game
smiling only when his heart was crying
which seem in time,
also to be dying

The age of ten and no longer in school
Never had the chance to see a pool
Being hit by names and rocks
wondering about those aimless parent talks

Seeing people come and go
never understanding why this is so
All alone in a back alley daze
poor Simon died from AIDS.

-Patrick Peterson

The Ride

The line took forever. Peter urinated in line and no one even noticed. I felt so embarrassed. This was the ride of the decade, probably the scariest ride we'd ever been on. Peter loved roller coasters. When he was young his parents used to take him to various theme parks where he would run around all day and try to hit every single ride the park had to offer. Peter taught me the excitement of riding on coasters.

As the line drew closer, I thought of an issue that Peter and I had to discuss. A couple of weeks ago I found him sleeping with some bimbo from Fall River. I asked him right then and there if he slept with her and he denied it. "I can't believe you did that to me," I said as he stood there pale with that ridiculous look. "What are you talking about, I didn't touch her," he told me. "Too bad I found a rubber at the end of the bed or were you just showing her what an unrolled condom looks like!" I became furious as the operator escorted us to our seats. It was such an awkward moment. I was so angry yet I was about to go on the wildest ride of my life. What was I to do, ask to be let off the ride because of issues I had with my husband? Should I have yelled at him in front of everybody? He looked at me and smiled. "Don't puke on me princes," he exclaimed as the strenuous motors began to turn. How could I forget what he did to me? Why did I have to pick this time to think about this? Peter looked so cute though. He wore these jeans that drove me crazy and this adorable hat that had flaps coming out the back which fluttered in the wind as the coaster dived down the steel runway. Right before the ride took off, he gave me the biggest kiss to reassure our safety or love, and to make it known that he cared for me.

Peter and I raised our hands as the wagon approached the top of the runway. We both gazed into each other's eyes with fright, but somehow I knew I was safe because he was right next to me. As the coaster plunged down, and up, and upside-down, I felt chills going down my spine. After the motors carried us to the exit I felt chills going down my spine again. "That was better than sex," he told me as we walked out of the establishment. I looked at him and laughed for a second, but then started to think about that woman he was with. As the day continued, I told him that I was tired and wanted to go home.

Later that night Peter drew a bath and called me from the den. His voice reminded me about that woman he was with. I walked up the long narrow stairway with thoughts of anger in my mind. At this point I wanted to kill him! I reached into the cabinet to get some lather when I discovered an unfamiliar night bag. I

opened it up and found naked pictures of the woman I saw that night. I felt my heart race, faster and faster. I heard him singing a song as he approached the bathroom. He opened the door and saw me holding the filthy pictures in my hand. "What are those honey?" He asked.

Suddenly, I felt as though I was on the rollercoaster again. My stomach felt as if thousands of butterflies were trying to escape, and my legs began to tingle. I felt like I didn't know what to expect. I lifted my eyes in his direction and started thinking about all of those good times we had. I realized then that this ride was over.

-Jonathan Downs

Dreams

Dreams . . .
Are in our hearts
Are in our souls
Are wishes on stars
People say dreams come true
If you believe in yourself
But it's hard to believe in your dreams
Especially when people close to you shoot them down
No matter what
Hold onto your dreams
Because everything you do
Everyone you meet
Has an effect on you
And your dreams
They give you hope, faith, strength, and courage
Dreams do come true
Slowly .
But they do come true
Hold onto your dreams . . .

-Adam Rothenberg

Used Candy

It was a cool night in the middle of autumn, the type of night where ordinary events wouldn't take place at any given moment. The moon was full and glowing vividly; bare trees shivered with the wind whispering to a tune that if one would really stop and think about it, they could hear

Candy was dressed in tight black jeans that revealed her every curve, a tiny black T-shirt that displayed half of her well-developed abs, and black pointy boots that could kill anybody with a single kick. Her full and radiant hair stood out in any given crowd, it looked like flaming fire ready to burn the whole city down into ashes. She was the type of person who would cast spells on guys who would stand inches away from her, and envenom them with a single kiss. Towards women, she was vain and insensitive, always propelling her way through crowds by throwing herself on every guy whom she would cast her gaze upon.

The club was located in the middle of town, a favorite restaurant by day, and the hottest and most celebrated club by night. Many of the most popular and trendiest grad and undergrad students with their lady friends hung out there. The atmosphere would always mix smoke and the strong smell of alcohol that could suffocate any non-habituated to the point where they could barely breathe.

When night fell, the night people came out. Candy walked into the club, surveying every guy in sight, searching for her next possible victim. As she walked towards the dance floor, she looked around; guys turned their heads in her direction the minute they saw her. Their jaws dropped low to the floor with amazement, their women had to kneel down to put their mouths back together. Her beauty was so ravishing, and every piece of her clothing fit her body so well, that it looked as if it could be peeled off her skin with ten sets of hungry teeth. Her pale, white skin was so velvety; it was hard to know what malignancy lay beneath it.

Every night, Candy would make club-hopping a personal project, never thinking of staying for more than an hour. She had already examined a number of clubs that night, but found nothing that would savor her taste. As she kept walking around the dance floor, she found nothing worth hungering for. This place was just another pitstop.

As she turned around for the main door, her eyes had finally caught her prey. She was completely amazed as she saw this mysteriously tall; muscular, mouth-watering man dressed all in leather leaning against the bar. He looked like a model placed on the cover of a Harley Davison magazine. She stopped suddenly,

her appetite grew immensely, and she couldn't stand on her own two long and lean legs.

Their eyes met. After standing there for two whole minutes, she got the nerve to walk up to him. She was always so sure of herself when it came to making the first move. He smiled at her and she melted with the very thought of pressing her lips and body against his in some long and passionate kiss.

As she walked closer to him, she moved seductively feeling her body up and down. He stretched his hand out to her with a bewitching smile. He then turned to the bartender and bought her some exotic drink with two cherries floating in it. Candy sipped her drink slowly yet seductively; she then took one of the cherries out of her drink and twirled it around in her mouth in hopes of arousing him.

He turned to her and said in his thick Latin accent, "My you're a fine one aren't you, tell me what it is that you desire." Candy paused for a moment and responded with, "I only desire one thing, and that one thing is men that drive me wild." He then took the drink out of her hand and placed it on the bar, he lead her out onto the dance floor where he rocked her in his strong masculine arms to the rhythm of the music.

Once the song ended, he whispered into her ear, "do you want to go back to my place tonight?" These were the very words that always made Candy smile. That, and 'will you please fuck me?'

They exited the building from the back door, hopped onto his motorcycle and drove speedily off to his place. The wind blew into her face with a silk-like feeling of triumph. Everything was going so well to her desires; she had her man wrapped tightly around her little finger. Nothing could go wrong tonight.

The only obvious thought that was running through their minds was to have hot and passionate animal sex lasting all night long.

As they arrived to a dimly lit alley, he parked his bike, got off by helping Candy, and walked it to this large door. As he slid it open, they walked inside. He leaned his bike to a wall near the entrance and hit the lights. It was incredibly bright. The inside looked like a huge warehouse.

The guy lead Candy's hand to a sofa and sat her down. He walked over to the huge stereo system and put on soft, romantic, and mysterious music. With the built-in bass and the many speakers arranged throughout the whole place, the music was profound, to the beat of their hearts, and easily heard from every corner of the room. As he dimmed the lights and closed the curtains, it all made the mood perfect. She felt so wonderful and well treated that maybe there might've been a speck of emotion she was feeling towards him. All of the earlier and numerous guys she had been with just

forgot about the romantic motives, they practically ran straight to the bedroom. This guy was different.

As he sat right next to her, he began to twist her hair with his index finger, speaking sweet nothings to her face. Candy really liked this guy! She really started to feel something for him, an unexplained feeling. It was happening so quickly. He gave her a sexy smile that made her insides flip over a thousand times.

They started to kiss. He was the best kisser she had kissed in the longest time. After what felt like an hour, their desires grew ardently. He carried her to the bedroom, laid her on the bed, and lit all of the assorted candles surrounding the area. Candy finally knew what the typical romantic Latino guy was like. The moment was burning.

He crawled onto the bed with her and they began to kiss which shortly after led to foreplay. It was a promising all-nighter activity. After countless hours of hot, sexy, long-lasting, and continuous lovemaking, and after numerous high-strung climaxes, she blurted an "I love you!" He stopped for a brief second and looked at her blankly. Then he blew it off and continued on pleasing her. They fell asleep as the sunlight shone through the thin, white curtains.

After about an hour or so, they both awoke. He smiled at her and placed a kiss on her forehead. As she stretched her arm to wrap it around his lean and muscular body, she repeated the same words she had told him the night before; "I love you." He gave her a puzzled look, looked at his watch, and said, "I'm outta here!"

Candy gave him a confused look and asked, "What?! Where do you think you're going? Didn't what I told you mean anything to you?" "I don't know, baby, but I gotta go. This place is just another pitstop for me. I gotta hit the road." Candy looked at him astonished. He took his bike, left the apartment, and drove off to the sunlight. Candy was left on the bed all broken-hearted with tears streaming down her face. She had fallen for whom she thought was a decent, romantic, and good-natured guy, but underneath it all, what it all seemed to be, was a cold-hearted seducer out on the same mission as she. Candy finally got a share of her own poison.

-Isabel Iberkleid

Death How Untimely

When I am sitting alone,
My mind has a tendency to roam.
About that one thought I do not want to feel,
It is that of death, it seems so real.

For who knows when my time will be complete,
The life that I have led has been so sweet.
It will probably happen when I least expect it,
My time will have come whether or not I seem it fit'.

It is something people should realize,
Before someone actually dies.
Death is a scary thought,
Something of which everyone should be taught.

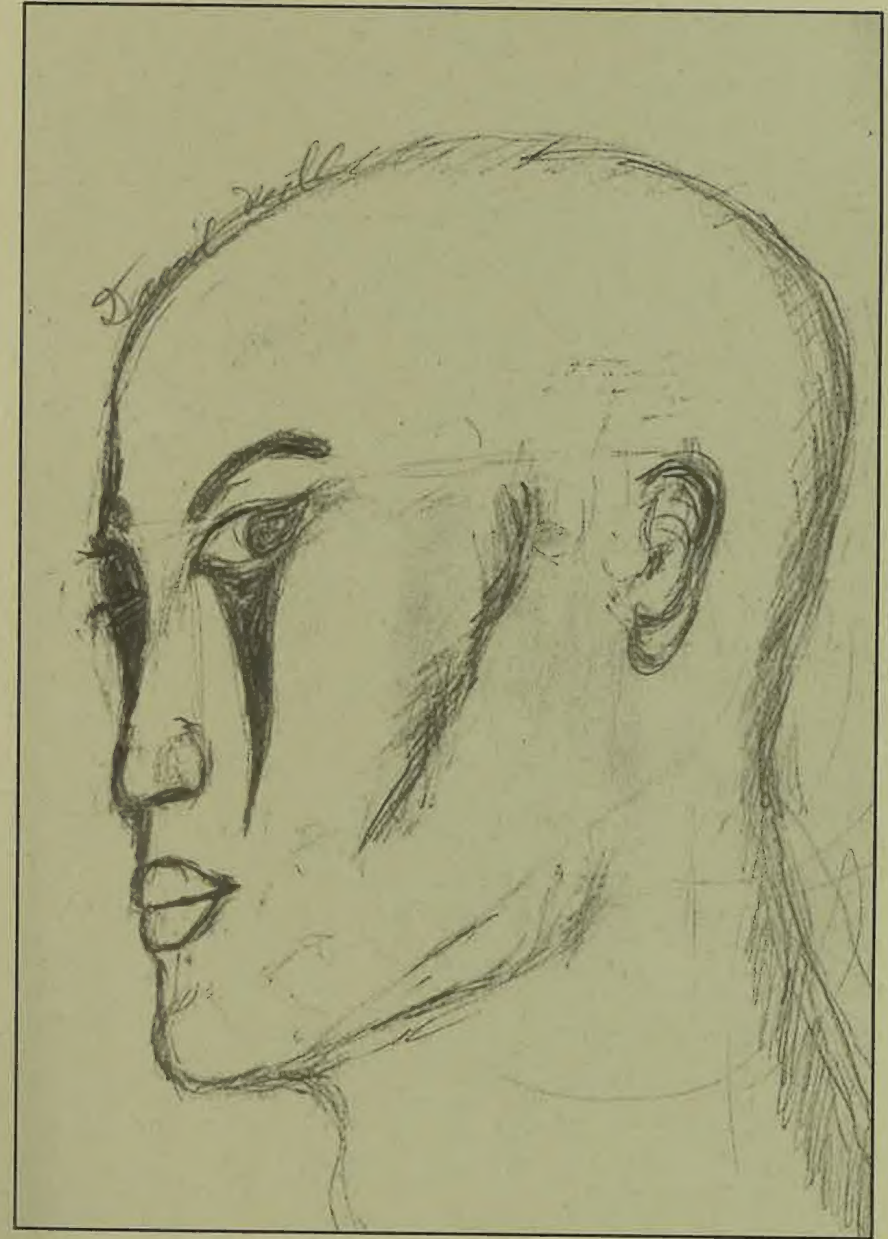
Someday, when my time is here,
I do not want others to shed a tear.
I want them to remember the good times we used to share,
And all the happenings that caused us to care.

-Dennis Keenan

Death in the First Person

I am a student nurse. I am dying. I write this to you who are, and will become, nurses in the hope that by my sharing my feelings with you, you may someday be better able to help those who share my experience.

I'm out of the hospital now - perhaps for a month, for six months, perhaps for a year . . . but no one likes to talk about such things. In fact, no one likes to talk about much at all. The nursing profession is advancing, but I wish it would hurry. We're taught not to be overly cheery now, to omit the "everything's fine" routine, and we have done pretty well, but now, one is left in a lonely silent void. With the protective "fine-line" gone, the staff is left with only their own vulnerability and fear. The dying patient is not yet seen as a person and thus cannot be communicated with as such. He is a symbol of what every human fears and what we each know, at least academically, that we too must someday face. What did they say in psychiatric nursing about meeting "pathology with pathology to the detriment of both patient and nurse?" And there was a lot about knowing one's own feelings before you could help another with his. How true.



But for me, fear is today and dying is now. You slip in and out of my room, give me medications and check my blood pressure. Is it because I am a student nurse, myself, or just a human being, that I sense your fright? And your fear enhances mine. Why are you afraid? I am the one who is dying!
I know, you feel insecure, don't know what to say, don't know what to do. But please believe me, if you care, you can't go wrong. Just admit that you care. That is really for what we search. We may ask whys and wherefores, but we don't really expect answers. Don't run away . . . wait . . . all I want to know is that there will be someone to hold my hand when I need it. I am afraid.

Death may get to be a routine to you, but it is new to me. You may not see me as unique, but I've never died before. To me, once is pretty unique. You whisper about my youth, but when one is dying, is he really so young anymore? I have lots I wish we could talk about. It really would not take much more of your time because you are in here quite a bit anyway.

If only we could be honest and admit of our fears, touch one another. If you really care, would you lose so much of your valuable professionalism if you even cried with me? Just person to person? I bet, it might not be so hard for you to do this with the patient in a hospital . . . with friends close by.

-Anonymous

Nothing To Wear

STEPHEN: the thirty-something husband sits on a bench in the middle of a crowded mall. Suddenly, NATALIE (out of breath and disheveled) approaches and sits down beside him.

NATALIE: I can't find anything to wear.

STEPHEN: Come on, Nat - there are two hundred stores in this mall.

NATALIE: Two hundred stores containing five thousand flowered granny sack dresses designed for young women with long, blonde, straight hair that hangs in their faces so that they can flip it out of their eyes.

STEPHEN: (grimacing) Jesus, here we go.

NATALIE: Yup, they flip it out of their eyes and then they go for nature walks with their dogs - cocker spaniels with large, brown, sad eyes.

STEPHEN: Natalie, for crying out loud!

NATALIE: So they're walking their sad-eyed dogs and they're, wearing flowered granny sack dresses and flipping their hair out of their eyes and suddenly they get thirsty. They unscrew the caps off of their little blue bottles of water and then they throw their heads back and take long, graceful sips.

STEPHEN: (grinning) Are they all doing this simultaneously?

NATALIE: (very seriously) Of course not. They all do it at one time or another, but not all at the *same* time. While some are walking their dogs, others are marrying handsome young account executives, moving into \$200,000 homes and proceeding to produce three children, whom they drive to soccer practice in their gray Volvo sedans.

STEPHEN: (takes Natalie by the shoulders, pulls her toward him and quickly kisses her on the lips) Let's try another mall.

(CURTAIN)

-Rachel Ribeiro

The Pond

Driving down the familiar he watched the once vibrant foliage, now decapitated and blackened by fire, pass by. It is hard for him to return to this place. There are memories here that he would like to forget. These are the same memories that he ran away from thirty years earlier. But it was not a holiday nor these memories that brought him back to his hometown. It was the death of a beloved friend that persuaded him to venture out of the safety of his penthouse apartment opposite Central Park.

The limo slowly came to a stop in front of a quaint farm house complete with a barn and stable in the background. "Sir," the driver inquired hesitantly as he opened the door, "if you don't mind me saying, this is a lovely piece of land you got here." "Well, after this, Georgie my boy, you and the misses can vacation up here whenever you want." He said this in a playful tone, but as he climbed the stairs onto the porch he mumbled to himself, "I for one would rather see it burn."

Finding where his mother left the house key was automatic; under the 'welcome' mat. "How rudimentary," he thought. "Even after all these years she still left the house key under the mat, where anyone could find it." He heard the reason for it being there as though she was still trying to make him remember the secret place, "Sweetie, just in case you lose or forget your key, it's under the mat; it will always be there just in case."

"Come to think of it, mom always had a spare of everything lying around the house."

Since her death there has been a void in his life. A void so deep that no woman could ever fill it. So, instead of love he buries himself in work. Endless nights and chronic ulcers are his only companions. It was not always this way. There was a time for him when having one friend was all the love he needed or wanted.

He opened the door slowly. When he realized he would be all alone he stretched out his arm in full swing and strode in, as though he never tried to forget what lay behind it. Almost instantly he began to walk up the stairs. His legs supplied the power and the direction, even though his brain was not in communication with the rest of his body. The hallway on the second floor was barricaded in by four closed doors. The first door on the right was his old room. Turning the knob he remembered how he loved to lock himself away for hours on end to read books, and take photos from the window and just be alone, by himself. He was lucky because by the time he acquired this habit he was able to have a room to himself. He was the youngest of six children and resented that position all his life. Everyone's business was more important than anything he had to say. So he found being alone was the next best thing to being heard by others. One day he got them good. It was about three-thirty in the afternoon one Monday and he was taking photos from his window that faced the backyard and the pond just beyond that. He saw his father walk out from the back door of the kitchen into the yard. He was fetching some water from the well when he collapsed onto the ground. As a little boy he watched in amazement as his father grasped at his left arm, then seemed to relax, sprawled out on the green grass.

"What a photo opportunity...my father lying on the grass." He ran down to the kitchen and the 'barn folk' were all around the table, washing dishes, cooling, eating, and talking loudly to one another. "Hey, Emily, look at dad" he tugged at his older sister's shirt. But she just brushed him aside and asked for another cupcake from her brother Bobby. Bobby was the oldest and never let his other siblings forget that. Of course, now Bobby, like dad and Emily, and his beloved mother, were all dead. "I always knew I'd out live them all. [He sighed.] If they would have just listened to me then I would

not be alone now."

He felt a tug at the hem of his pants. He gazed down to see Henry. "Henry old boy! Where do I get off thinking I'm alone when you still find my pant leg as one of your play toys." As he picked up the cat a long "purrr" sounded from the cat's abdomen. The true feeling of home hit him and a smile broke on his wrinkled face.

"Who's up there?" Cried an angry elderly voice. "Joey, is that you?"

He emerged out of his room for the first time and called down to the voice, "No, Mrs. Appleton it's me..."

"Sweetie, come down here, you almost gave me another heart attack. Are you hungry? I wasn't expecting you till tomorrow. How was the drive down? Is that your limousine outside?"

How she ever knew all that she did about everyone was amazing because she would never allow anyone to answer all those questions she always asked. How anyone knows what the answers to someone else's questions is amazing. He had always been very critical in thinking when it came to this sort of thing. He realized that his answers may not always be the consensus of the people around him, so he would think out the question in pieces; how does it affect me? what does the question ask of me? and what

are my true thoughts? Unconsciously he did this analysis, but it does not work with a long stream of questions, it never did. When Emily suddenly went into labor with her first child, they were home alone. The doctor's office was in town about a ten minute walk from here, so he helped deliver his beautiful niece. When all was said and done he was only recognized as being helpful and was asked why didn't he boil water and use clean towels and run to Mrs. Appleton's house to get her son Adam to help? He was not able to answer any of these questions either. Besides, the interest of the conversation shifted to the new born Elizabeth. Once again he was left alone to watch the people who did not like his company converse as though he was not there.

"Mrs. Appleton, what smells so good?"

"Guess! Never mind I'll tell you. It's roasted chicken, sweet potatoes, corn on the cob and apple pie. I hope you and your friend are hungry?"

"Starving thanks." he replied as his eyes drifted out of the living room window into the front yard. "Where have all the children gone? When I was young there were always kids running in and out of the forest and up and down the street."

In fact he only watched those children from windows or from his porch. He was not liked by the neighborhood kids and would not

he included in any of the games of tag or hide-and-go-seek in the forest. Not even with the constant persistence from Amy did the kids allow him to play. Amy was a sweet, kind girl who seemed to be the only one who could or would talk to him. And he to her. But when it was time to go off to the University they parted forever. Before that awful day arrived they had become the best of friends. Studying together, going to the movies, and just having a good time with each other. Why is it that you never know you have something good until you lose it? He couldn't answer that because he had always longed for the day he could tell Amy how he really felt. Best friends of their kind always experimented in intimate relationships, but he and Amy never had. He was always too afraid of the consequences, he was too afraid of losing her, but now he feared he should have done something because in the end he lost her anyway. Amy had never left his mind. He had kept a picture of her in his wallet for all these years.

After her funeral he planned to go back to New York. First though, he wanted to walk down to the pond where he remembered her the best.

"Where have the days gone, George? I don't ever remember it being so quiet around here. There used to be birds singing and bees buzzing, and animals and little kids running. I can not understand why nothing is stirring near this pond?" Shaking his head in absolute astonishment and disbelief, he found a large rock and sat upon it. The pond was so quiet and still. No wind stirred through the trees. George quietly nodded in agreement then smiled to himself in approval of the quiet and said, "There's nothing like home, sir, wouldn't you say?"

"I suppose...I just wish I came back sooner...I might have been able to save this old place, this old town even. But I have always been a selfish person. I had no other choice. All the other virtues were consumed by my brothers and sisters."

"Sir, it's three-thirty, do you think we should start going? The mass is at four."

He preferred to remain sitting and thinking: "What next? Perform the eulogy for his beloved friend by the request of her family. Go home, or the closest thing to it and do nothing. Maybe nothing is the only thing to do. Not doing anything has been easy for him. More so when he was a child. Doing nothing important; joining no clubs, participating in nothing. He did nothing when Amy first moved to the neighborhood. He said, 'nothing much' when she asked him what he was doing for the first time."

At church when it was time to speak he did not know exactly what to say. Up until the eulogy, the whole mass, his whole life, was going by too fast. He didn't remember the priest calling him

to the altar. He just found himself there behind the podium, next to her coffin. He had written a special, but he felt it wasn't appropriate for this crowd at this time, "maybe later," he thought to himself, "maybe never." When he spoke to the crowd for the first time he said "We all still love Amy..." his mind began to wander off by itself but he still kept his composure to the mourning crowd of mourning relatives and friends. *"I still love her, there was never a moment where I was not in love with her,"* he remembered. To the crowd he said: "I met Amy one beautiful summer afternoon. We were going in to the sixth grade that fall and she walked right up to me and said 'Hi! I just moved to this town, my name's Amy.' I was so surprised..." Surprised wasn't the word, shocked was more like it. *"Her eyes,"* he recalled to himself, *"were walnut brown and if she looked directly at you without moving her eyes you could see that one iris was actually slightly displaced so that the upper lid covered the top portion more than the other. This deformity didn't seem to bother her, but then again..."* he spoke this to the crowd and the words echoed in his head, "She never pointed out people's differences or lingered on their mishaps...she always had a positive outlook and for me that brightened my day every moment we were together."

He continued to say all the right things. He had anticipated this moment for some time now. People would say to him that he had an eloquent way of speaking, or he captured the person's personality precisely. The mass ended and the funeral procession lead out of the church and walked to the town's cemetery, only two minutes away. Around the open grave were arranged about twenty folding chairs, not nearly enough to seat all the mourners. Just like there were never enough seats to accommodate all the children in his grammar school classes. He would always end up sitting on the floor because he was too slow in fetching a seat. For some odd reason everyone felt it was a race to grab a seat, as though there was something wrong with sitting on the rug. When he sat on the rug Amy would leave her seat and sit right next to him. "Who will give up their seat for me now? Who on earth would be so selfless to do this simple act of kindness?" he pondered as he stood behind the last row of chairs.

After the blessing and lowering of the coffin everyone began to scatter; he lingered behind. He wanted to be with her alone one more time. He sat on an empty chair in the front row and wondered why he never told her he loved her to her face. He almost did one time, when she left for college in Boston. Her bus left a 7:00 pm, he was going to take the 8 o'clock one to New York City, so they went together to the station. The two talked about Thanksgiving break and which holidays they would visit each

other's schools. Christmas came up once and so did birthdays...none of which went exactly as planned. There was always an exam the next day or a meeting of some sort to go to. His thoughts were interrupted by the slight touch of a hand on his shoulder. He looked over his left shoulder to see the widower, Jacob standing there with watery eyes and perfectly tailored suit. He grasped Jacob's hand and said "My condolences Jacob, she was always a special part of my life."

"Thank you." Jacob said blankly. "The eulogy you gave was amazing. This might seem strange to tell you, but she was the one who wanted you to speak today. Before she passed away I promised her you would come and say how you really perceived her friendship with you...I mean, she wanted you to state directly what you felt for her. For some reason, I don't know why but, she had this idea that you couldn't ever say what you felt for her. I know this may seem very uncomfortable but she hoped you could do this. Your welcome back to the house if you feel up to it, and the reading of the will is tomorrow, you should come...did the lawyer come to see you yet?" Jacob inquired.

"No, he hasn't but I'll be expecting him, I'm staying at my family's old place."

"Sure, I'll tell him...thanks again for everything."

"My pleasure, Jacob, I'll see you tomorrow."

After Jacob left he ran the conversation through his mind; why did she want me to acknowledge my true feelings? She must have known, she must have figured it out...she could always tell what exactly he was thinking. Somedays they didn't even have to talk, they just knew somehow. During their last year in high school Amy came to his house late in the afternoon, just before the sunset. Amy asked him to walk down to the pond with her. Of course he went, he'd do anything for her. At the pond they sat by the water's edge she held his hand and rested her head on his shoulder. They sat in silence until the lightning bugs could be seen clearly and then he spoke, "Did you get any mail today?"

"Yup." She said blankly, and that was all he needed to hear. He knew what was in the mail; college acceptance notices, none of which were for the same ones he was thinking of going to. "It will be okay, ya know, we will visit and write and..." her words trailed off in what seemed a fog in his mind. He knew it was the beginning of the end. He was going to lose what they had, that precious thing that no one could ever give him. "Don't worry," she said as she wrapped her arms around his waist, "what we possess will never be broken no matter how many miles separate us." For the time he accepted that consolation but it did not last long.

Later that night, after the town lawyer came and requested

his presence at the "hearing" he walked down to the pond once again. Tomorrow he decided would be his last day "skipping down memory lane" it became too hard for him, he was going back to New York, it was safer there.

The pond was black now and only the small ripples that the warm summer wind makes shown silver by request of the moon. He walked around the pond and in between the trees. He sat down on stoops and rocks and got up and walked again. He didn't know quite what to do with himself. 8:30pm, 9:30, 10:00...He didn't keep track of the time. He was lost and there was no one to help him with directions. While sitting, once again, he heard a twig snap but he felt that person's eyes on him. At first he didn't want to look in that direction but he felt that person's eyes on him, checking his validity. He hated confrontations so he just kept to himself hoping who ever it was would eventually go away. But ten minutes had gone by and whoever it was hadn't left and he wanted to leave but he wanted to leave alone. Soon his drowsiness got the best of him and he stood up to leave. In turning he saw her, through the corner of his eye; a woman he had never seen before, sitting between two elm trees. She seemed to be a little younger than him or perhaps a little older but did not look it. She wore a white summer dress with a heavy crocheted shawl around her shoulders. She had red hair that resembled the fall leaves at their peak turning time.

"Hello," she said, "This is my favorite spot at night, it reminds me of a movie I once saw, though I can't remember the name of it right now." She finished hoping he would respond in the same cordial manner...he could not.

"Hello, I hope you do not mind me leaving, but I must be some place in the morning and I am quite tired, good night Miss..."

"Ms. Johnson, but you can call me Suzette. I run the general store in town."

His memory was coming to him of the general store when he was a child. He remembered old Mr. Johnson and his wife working endlessly from 5am to 9pm everyday except Sunday and he remembered the Johnson's kids; Nick and Beth and Andrew and Sue.

"Little Susy?" He inquired hesitantly.

"Yes, do I know you?"

"I grew up in the Copland house. I remember you, we were in the same classes together."

"Oh, yes, you were friends with that girl that just passed away...Amy, right."

"Yes, her name was Amy."

"Are you really that tired? Because I make an amazing cup of hot

chocolate..."

"Well, I really shouldn't," he said hesitantly, but then he smiled and said, "But why not!" He thought, at this point I have nothing left to loose.

-Carolyn Briguglio

Untitled

He Smiled at me one last time
before the sunset on his life set forever
Holding on with numbness and pain
surviving while never being the same
The shell I'm in beginning to fill
with hope, love, and cherished kill
knowing their was nothing I could do
experiencing the love of someone new
dealing with the pain of loss
going on without a cost
drying tears with his brightening sun
a new beginning has begun
memories turning into a haze
but never forgetting my lover,
who died from AIDS

-Patrick Peterson



But Now I am Waiting (without you)

Verse 1: You said you were leaving and I know that it is true
I never thought you would break my heart in two.
It happened once before and now again I am without you.
Babe, what can I do?

Verse 2: Your smile brightens my heart whenever I am down
you are the one who saves me when I start to drown
but now I hold on to memories left deep within my soul
and I hold on to you ...always.

Chorus: Please say you'll stay, I love more each day
we were supposed to be friends till all was at ends
but now I sit here alone.
My heart with you, whatever you do,
but now I am waiting
without you.

Verse 3: I wake up each morning hoping to see your face
but slowly go crazy as again I shower without you.
Your on my mind and I am trying to go on
but first loves never seem to die.

But first loves never seem to die.

Chorus: Please say you'll stay, cause my heart is dying without
you
we were supposed to be friends till all was at ends
but now I sit here alone.
My heart's with you whatever you do,
but now I waiting
without you.

Instrumental:

Verse 4: If you forgive me I will always forgive you
I can heal but only with my heart
which is still within your possession
please don't leave forever.

Chorus: Please say you'll stay, cause my heart is dying without
you
we were supposed to be friends till all was at ends
but now I sit here alone.

My heart's with you whatever you do,
but now I am waiting
without you.

My heart's with you whatever you do,
but now I am waiting
without you

waiting without you.

-Anonymous

The Daydreamer

The scent of a pretty girl conjures a smile.
A couple in love butterfly kissing.
Hopeless romantics come stay a while,
so high we spend the day reminiscing.

A dragonfly screams with pleasure.
The sweet air surrounds my poisoned brain.
We escape to the days of lost treasures.
This fairy-tailed daydreamer eases our pain.

So I breathe in the air of this tranquil day
Aphrodisiac waves of warmth seduce
Nature's cleansing of a long winter's decay.
I feel the release of my forbidden noose

quiet and calm, tired boredom sets in.
Tomorrow's a new day of beauty and sin.

-Jason Kelly

Lunchroom Disaster

"Highly repulsive", even those two descriptive words may give some people enough to put into perspective how grotesque my friend Joe's eating habits are. Going to an all boy's high school gave you an excuse to relax your "proper eating habits" a little, but man did he take that rule to the extreme.

The day would drag on, "as usual." The anticipation in the class rooms would be so thick, you could cut it with a knife. Lunch was next period. The word lunch to most people means just a time to get something to eat, but to high school students it is a time to break the restraining chain of no talking in class, reading, and worst of all, taking notes. When the bell rings the mad rush down the halls is as out of control as the running of the bulls in Spain. Just as I sat down to enjoy whatever surprise is hidden under that sandwich top, all became silent, for Joe had just entered the cafeteria. It seemed to me that all eyes were attracted, as if by magnetism, to Joe as he walked down the center aisle of the cafe. Don't get me wrong, Joe was a great kid and easy to get along with, but when it had come to eating, his mouth was just too small for the amount of food it was forced to contain. In realizing that Joe would try to seek me out, for we were friends, I found myself a seat were I thought he would never find me, in the corner next to the teachers. As I watched him I saw his eyes scanning for his victim, which I assumed was me. Then it happened, we made eye contact and he was on his way. I frantically looked around, sweat began to bead up on my forehead. Then I saw, what at the time seemed to be, my worst nightmare come to life, an empty seat directly in front of me. I asked, then pleaded my fellow classmates to sit there. Then like a black cloud Joe brushed by my left arm sat down and said, "Hi. " Small talk started between us and then Joe pulled out his usual liverwurst and cheese sandwich. The scent alone was enough to make me sick. Besides the fact that just being in his presence while he was eating it would do the same to any unfortunate onlookers. For some strange reason Joe always thought that to get the best flavor out of a sandwich meant to take the biggest bite first. Then before you even finish chewing, wash it down with a large, gulp of milk. Like clock work Joe's right hand would be cramming his sandwich down his throat while his left was reaching for the carton of milk. Instead of the milk actually going into his mouth it would, more or less, flow down his chin onto his shirt creating the first of many stains that would appear throughout the lunch period. When Joe would finally swallow, with much strain on his face, he would make another attempt at the milk. All throughout the lunch this routine would repeat itself over and over. Then when he was finally done with his sandwich Joe would make a poor attempt at cleaning his face. He would swipe his arm across his mouth to clear off the milk and bread crumb mixture that had built up around it.

As lunch would come to an end the heavy burden of returning to class was once again placed back on my shoulders. For some reason there was a strange feeling of relief that rushed

through my body, for now I didn't have to watch Joe eat any longer. Even though the torture has passed for that day, the questioned still remained, "who will Joe choose to sit with in the days to come?"

-Matt Loewan

Skiing Forever

Skiing down Mount Olympus with snow piled high,
all the gods trail behind me
and the snow is so deep, trees so high,
I cannot resist the beautiful blue sky.
Great Hellenic gods keep all conditions
perfect and the trails, the long white trails never end.

My mind begins to wonder about things,
dreaming, thinking at the same time,
aware of what's going on,
as I hit the bumps I feel like nothing
can stop me grooving from side-to-side.

At last, kind god of rest comes to my side-
But No! I will stop, not waste one Mediterranean minute
while the beauty of the sky and mountains
waste away; will not break myself
from the peaceful sweeping motion in deep snow.
I will go on till the end of time.

-Craig R. Halwachs

The Joe Story

One beautiful autumn day in October, I decided to take a walk. I put on my navy blue sweater and my favorite blue jeans. The walk that I wanted to go on was through the woods in back of my house. I wrote a note to my mother telling her where I went. She would not have to worry about me since I would be home for dinner. As I was walking out the door I grabbed an apple to eat on

my way.

It was a perfect day for a walk. The sun was shining and the air smelled fresh. I walked across my yard and entered the woods. The floor of the woods were overshadowed by huge pine and oak trees. The leaves were changing and falling. It was so peaceful in the woods, no people and no traffic. I had taken walks in these woods many times before. I was not afraid of getting lost. One of my favorite spots in the woods is a huge oak tree with climbing branches. As I continued to walk, I wondered how high I would climb today. When I got to the tree I sat down beneath it in the leaves. Before I climbed I wanted to relax and possibly take a nap.

When I was just about to fall asleep, I heard a noise in the branches above. At first I was scared. I could not even move. After a few minutes I regained my composure and stood up. I backed away from the tree and looked up. All that I was able to see was a big ball of green. At first I thought it was an animal. But what kind of animal is green? Then suddenly it said "hello!" The big ball of green turned out to be a little old man dressed all in green. I asked him what he was doing in the tree. He said he was resting in the sun. When he climbed down from the tree I was able to get a better look at him. He was short and skinny. His clothes were dirty, old and ripped. His face was wrinkled, weathered, and he needed a shave. When he hopped down, I was scared. I had no idea if he was dangerous or not. I asked him if he had a home and he said no. He told me his name was Joe, he traveled around a lot and lived off the land. I felt sorry for the little old man. He told me he liked his life and he got to see the world. Since I live in the north-east I wondered what he did in the winter. He said he travels to where the warm weather is when it gets cold. Being a trusting child, I asked him to come home with me. He accepted the offer and we were on our way.

When we arrived at my house the rest of my family was home. My mother nearly had a heart attack at the sight of what I had brought home. We made him take a shower because his smell was unbearable. He asked what we were having for dinner and I told him chicken. Joe asked me if I had ever tried squirrel because it tasted like chicken; I said no. At dinner, the conversation was minimal. Joe began dissecting his chicken with his bare hands. He had no table manners whatsoever. To make matters worse at the end of the meal he licked his plate. After dinner we asked Joe to spend the night. He could sleep in the spare bedroom across the hall from my room. Joe said he had not slept in a bed for a long time. I was so tired I went to bed early. For some reason I decided to lock my door before hopping into bed.

When it was morning I awoke and went to use the bathroom. It was unusually quiet for a Saturday morning. It felt like I was all alone. When I got downstairs I saw Joe standing over my dead family. Joe had stabbed my family to death in the middle of the night. I was overcome with fear. Then Joe spotted me out of the corner of his eye. He just looked at me and laughed. I knew I was next to die, so I ran. Joe trapped me in the dining room. I had nowhere to go. He told me I had made it hard for him by locking my door. Joe wanted a house of his own and I was not going to stand in his way! Holding the knife in his hand he walked toward me. I screamed. There was no one to come to my rescue. He raised the knife to stab me. I closed my eyes and waited for the pain.

I felt something but it was not a knife. It was a pine cone. As I became oriented to my surroundings, I realized it was just a dream. I was so relieved. Still shaking I ran all the way home.

-Rachel Joyce



The Love of my Life

The western winds blow on her
mystical black hair
and her soft green eyes shine
in the moon light.

As I walk towards her the white
doll face turns
towards me.

She is only human yet her
motion will not let my eyes
free.

The ocean is what my heart
feels like.

When the waves of her Heart
Hit my cliffs.

As she begins to talk her small
Cherry lips
open under the moon light
under the reflection of the sandy beaches.

Her voice sounds refined,
even the sea gods from deep
come to listen to her.

Such Beauty is not made by
human hands.

Only made by the hands of God,
whom made the beautiful
love of my live

-Craig R. Halwachs

Coyote's Morning

I opened the gate. The barbed wire hung limp and fell to the ground. My dad idled the pick-up through the opening and into the pasture. I wished I'd worn my gloves. It was a motionless, frigid morning. The frost, clinging tough to the wood post, had made it nearly impossible to grasp. I was still asleep, or wanted to be. Why was I out here so early on a Saturday morning? The sun had not yet risen. I was mad.

November mornings stole the energy out of me. The harvest was all but done. We had all worked hard. Now it was time for rest, time to concentrate on school. Or so I thought. With becoming a teenager came new responsibilities. Gone were the days of wasting away the winter weekends. Now I had to take my turn, like my brothers before me. Armed with a .22 rifle, I took my stand watching over the cattle.

Coyotes never attack in the evening hours. For reasons unknown to me, they are active only in the early mornings. I didn't know what the big deal was. I had never even seen a coyote, one that was alive anyway. You would think growing up along the Platte River in Nebraska I would have seen hundreds of them. I have heard of them, but they are rarely seen. They are very mysterious creatures.

January through March is the coyotes' breeding season. During this time they will howl at almost anything. The town closest to us is about six miles away. It's called North Bend because there is a big northern bend in the river. Three times a day they have a very loud town whistle that goes off. Once at 7 a.m., then at noon, and finally at 6 p.m. I don't know why. Maybe it's for the farmers who don't own watches. When this whistle starts to wail the coyotes go nuts. You can hear them for miles up and down the river, yapping and howling as if they are having some sort of blood bath celebration. Thousands upon thousands of them. The noise echoes through the cottonwoods. Some sound as though they are right next to you, others as distant as the horizon.

I struggled with the gate. It was much easier to open than to close. I could no longer feel its texture; the steel latch was hanging numb against my hand.

My dad stuck his head out the window. "Just leave the gate be. They all look like they're on the other side anyway; I'll get it on the way back." I threw down the gate and ran back to the truck. It was warm, I held my hands up against the heater. My dad's coffee had been resting on the dash. Steam had risen from it creating an oval mist on the windshield. "Now, where could they be hiding?" It was getting lighter, but it was still foggy. We took off with a jerk, the coffee slopped over its edges, splattering on the dash and onto the floor. My dad made it worse by lunging for it, spilling it onto his hand, "God damnit," he said. I couldn't help but chuckle, and that made him angrier.

We started down the trail towards the other side of the pasture. It was dotted with meadow muffins. Some people prefer to call them cow pies, but for me meadow muffin just seems to roll much easier off the lips. They are one of the best sources for fishing bait. During the spring and summer months, many a worm can be

found hiding under the brown mounds. First, one must be sure it's been laying around for a while before kicking it over. Otherwise, you'll be in for a stinky situation. During most of the winter, however, they are frozen solid. It makes for a very bumpy ride.

"What time is it?" I said. My hands had started to get some feeling back.

"About ten of six, I think." He turned on the dome light to look at his watch. "Yeah, we should have been out here an hour ago."

"That's not my fault."

"I know, I know. Just keep a look out for the cows."

His truck always smelled like dust. Riding in it made me feel dirty, even if you weren't. I liked it. He always had tools resting on the seat. Hammers, screw drivers, wrenches, even drill bits and pieces of wire rode beside you. The floor was lacking order, jumbled with paper, coffee cups and beer cans. My dad like to put a few away during the day. Every time I got out of the truck I knocked out a few items.

I reached over and turned on the radio; AM only. A man with a nice voice was reporting the hog futures from the day before. I had always thought that was funny, "hog futures." To me, hogs didn't have a future. In the big cities they reported traffic on the 3's; in the country it's hogs on the 8's.

"Are we going into town tonight?" I said.

He didn't look at me. He just shook his head. "I don't know, son."

"Ah, come on dad," I was whining. "Steve said his parents are going and there's a basketball game tonight."

"I don't know. We'll see what your mother has to say."

A coyote had run right in front of us. It appeared in our headlights, crossing right to left, disappearing just as quickly.

"Jesus Christ," dad said. "Did you see that? We almost hit the son-of-a-bitch." He turned the truck hard left, forcing me and the beer cans against the door. I prayed that it wouldn't fly open and send me rolling. "Did you see that?"

"Yeah, Yeah," all the G-forces made it difficult for me to spit out the words.

He strengthened out the truck. We had turned off the trail and were doing forty across the frozen meadow muffins. The critter was in our sights. Dad was feeling around on the dash board. "Where are those damn bullets?" he said. "Look on the seat, would ya?"

I had buried my hands into the pile, feeling around for the plastic rectangle container. "Got 'em."

"Good. Now, get the gun and load it."

I then reached back and grabbed the rifle off the rack. It was cold from hanging next to the window. The first thing they teach you in

a hunter's safety course is never to have a loaded gun in a vehicle, especially if it's moving. I held the gun between my legs and looked over at dad. "You want me to load it?"

"Yeah, load it. We're not gonna throw the damn bullets at it."

"All right. God, you don't have to yell at me."

"Just do it. Hurry up."

It wasn't easy, but I managed to get six rounds into the chamber. "All set," I said.

Dad was holding on tight to the wheel. "Roll down your window," he said. "Listen up. I'm gonna pull up next to him on your side." His voice was rattling from all the shaking. "I'm gonna get as close to him as I can, and you plug 'im. Got that?"

"I guess so." That was the best response I could come up with. Why did I have to shoot it? He was the one with all the experience, why didn't he shoot? I didn't even want to shoot it. The coyote was thirty yards ahead of us, but we were rapidly catching him. We had become disoriented in the fog and didn't quite know where we were. The coyote disappeared over a rise. He was heading for the pond, closely followed by the two of us. He lightly scampered across the newly frozen water, but we didn't have the same luck.

We came barreling over the hill. The tires left the safety and comfort of the earth, hurling upward. Time seemed to have slowed way down. I was floating as if there was no gravity. Beer cans and tools, paper and coffee cups were all drifting around me in a poetic dance. It could have been set to music. The hammer hung weightless next to the rear view mirror. My dad's lighter was wandering in space next to my ear.

We landed hard. Everything came crashing down with incredible power. We made it about 15 yards onto the pond before we broke through. It wasn't a deep pond, only about three feet, but boy, was it muddy. We weren't going anywhere, except maybe by foot. We were ten miles from home.

We both sat there, not saying a word. Dust was hovering thick in the air, making it hard to breathe. My right shoulder was sore, although I don't remember hitting it. I had reached over to roll down the window, that's when I saw her. The coyote was just a silhouette against the foggy backdrop. She looked at us. Her ears pitched high on top of her head. Did she return to mock us? Or had she been checking up on us, making sure we were okay? She stood there starring. It was for only a few seconds, but it seemed like minutes. She walked in a show circle. She stopped and looked at us again. Then turned and vanished into the fog.

-David Legge

Washed Up

(Scene 8, It has been two months since Kelly left. Shane is walking down the street and meet a director/producer, Jake)

Shane: I have been out of work for two months now. Two months. Not one freakin' phone call, nothing. I was hot, the HOTTEST thing around and now I'm...I need to work. I need to act. (Screaming) DO YOU HEAR ME? I NEED TO ACT!!!

Jake: Did I just hear those magical words-I need to act?

Shane: Yeah.

Jake: Are you any good?

Shane: I've been in "Sparks Fly," "Who Knew?" and many other productions.

Jake: Have you ever done anything alternative?

Shane: What are you talking about?

Jake: Have you ever been in a production that's not mainstream?

Shane: I don't get it.

Jake: the kind of movies that cater to a particular audience. We look to attract men and women with a different kind of taste, an alternate to mainstream.

Shane: So (short pause), you have a target audience?

Jake: Yep, we gear our movies towards older viewers.

Shane: Because of the subject matter? Because it's not mainstream?

Jake: Yeah. We're very different than what you've acted in.

Shane: I'm confused. You say you're alternative, not mainstream. You target a particular audience. It's very different from shows I've participated in?

Jake: Yeah, the kind of movies we do are condemned by some people and certain groups.

Shane: It's something I've never done (thinking). It would be new to me?

Jake: It could be. I don't know your taste. Maybe you've seen them before.

Shane: Have your movies ever been seen on television?

Jake: Our movies go right to video, and not all video stores carry them. They're in their own section.

(Shane has this blank look on his face)

Jake: You look very confused.

Shane: I am. What kind of movies are you talking about?

Jake: (laughing) You mean you have no idea.

Shane: No.

Jake: Think about it-alternative, not mainstream, target a particular audience, an older audience, men and woman, movies go straight to video, only certain video stores carry them, they have their own section. WORK WITH ME HERE. Do you have any idea what I'm talking about?

Shane: Oh my gosh, you mean gay videos??

Jake: (whinny) Nooooooo. I mean adult films. Pornography...

Shane: (startled) Pornography? What? Ohh, it all fits together. Adult films.

Jake: Ever seen'em?

Shane: Sure. Yeah, of course. They don't do much for me...

Jake: (laughing) Okay, that's too much information for me. Look, (pause) they pay well.

Shane: Really? How well?

Jake: You have no idea.

Shane: No, I don't.

Jake: (laughing) That was a rhetorical statement. I didn't want a response.

Shane: So, what's the pay? I'm desperate for work.

Jake: 500 bucks a pop.

Shane: (excited) 500 bucks per movie. Wow.

Jake: No, \$500 a shot. (Pause) Let's just say, the bigger the better.

Shane: The bigger the better. I don't get it?

Jake: You don't get it? (Laughs) Okay, what don't you get?

Shane: What does that mean?

Jake: (in amazement) Your kidding, right? Your a guy? I mean you're not one of those freaks dressed up as a guy.

Shane: NO, I'm a guy. What kind of remark is that?

Jake: Let's try this-just make sure you can RISE to the occasion and you will get paid plenty.

Shane: Oh, you mean "stand-up." I can do that in a snap.

Jake: Great. Meet me at Studio One tomorrow and we'll chat.

Shane: Terrific. I'll see ya tomorrow, then.

Jake: (to himself) What a work of art. Bring the headache medicine. Bring him a brain. And tell me what the hell I just got myself into.

(End of Scene 8, Shane and Jake go their separate ways)

-Adam Rothenberg

